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LINES

ADDRESS'D

TO VICTORY

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SUCCESS

OF

LORD CORNWALLIS

AND HIS ARMY

AGAINST

TIPPOO SAÏB

PARMA

PRINTED BY BODONI

MDCCXCIII



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ANN O

VITTORIA

BY THE

LORD CORNWALLIS



TIPPOO SAIB

PALESTINE

LINES
ADDRESS'D
TO VICTORY.

Fairest and brightest of the heavenly choir,
Immortal Victory! my song inspire!
Teach me with grateful voice to tune thy praise,
Direct my numbers, animate my lays.
O may'st thou still in Britain's cause prevail!
Parent of glory, peace, abundance! hail!

Goddess of Heroes! round whose blissful shrine
The brave alone their votive garlands twine!
At thy approach distrust and terror yield,
And verdant laurels hide the insanguin'd field;
Triumphant joys to anxious doubts succeed,
All cares are lull'd and wounds forget to bleed;

Fatigue and pain are banish'd by thy breath,
And thou canst soften e'en the pangs of death;
Crown'd with thy wreath, encircled by thy arms,
Expires the warrior gazing on thy charms;
Revenge and anger thy behests obey,
Their weapons sheath, and own thy clement sway;
Thy powerful arm strikes off the captive's chains,
And glad restores him to his native plains.

Celestial fair! Thy radiant form how bright,
Where orient Phoebus darts his earliest light.
There deck'd with gems, in splendid robes array'd,
On british ensigns rests the heavenly Maid;
Before her feet the grateful India smiles,
From barbarous rapine freed and gallik wiles:
The conquering host in martial pomp appears,
And every brow the well-earn'd laurel wears;
By pleasures unsubdued, by wealth unmoved,
By toil unwearied, and by dangers proved:
Above the rest in honours as in place,
The soldier's father, and his country's grace,

CORNWALLIS stands; around whose temples play
Refulgent glories, on this happy day.

O Goddess may thy justice never swerve!
May those still gain thy favours who deserve!
Where GEORGE, with mild paternal rule, commands
A grateful nation, join'd in union's bands;
Where PITT directs the counsels of the state,
With early wisdom firm, and calmly great;
Where valiant armies shield the publick cause,
Defend their Prince, their country, and her laws;
Where glorious navies awe the subject main,
And Britain's just preeminence maintain;
Propitious Victory! for ever smile!
And scatter laurels o'er thy favour'd Isle!

don't know what the situation is, but

Richardson says, on the 10th day

O God, that is the first day

that these and many other things

of the GEORGE, which will be

of the same nature as the

7th day, but the same of the

Went out, and the same of the

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I N N O

ALLA VITTORIA.

*T*ra quanti seggio han lassù in cielo o Nume
Il più splendido e bello, alma Vittoria,
Tu lena e spirto or al mio canto infondi,
Perch'io con grati accenti al mondo intoni
Le laudi tue. Salve, o di gloria e pace
E di ricchezza madre, e ognor propizia
Del suol Britanno le ragion difendi.

O Diva degli eroi, cui soli i forti
Cingono l'ara di votive fronde,
Sgombrano al tuo cospetto Ambascia e Tema;
Per te di verdi allor si veste e adorna
L'insanguinato campo; a' dubbj affanni
Succeder gode il tuo trionfo augusto.
Tu le cure sopisci, entro le piaghe

*Ristagni il sangue, col tuo fiato in bando
Cacci fatiche e stenti, e addolcir sai
Fin le pene di morte allor che accolto
Fra le tue braccia con tuo serto in fronte
Spira il guerrier converso e fiso il guardo
A' tuoi soavi incanti. Ira e vendetta
S'acquetano a tuo cenno, e, ascoso il brando,
Chinano il capo al tuo clemente impero.
Tua poderosa mano i ferrei lacci
Infrange al prigioniero, e pien di gioja
Lo riconduce a' suoi paterni lari.*

*Beltà celeste, il tuo raggianti volto
Oh come alto là splende ove nascendo
Febo dardeggia il mattutin suo lume!
Colà di gemme e d'oro adorna siede
La vergin Dea tra le Britanne insegne.
Dinanzi a lei sorride in grato aspetto
L'India campata da rapine e frodi.
L'oste vittrice alle lusinghe sorda
Di piaceri e dovizie, incontro a' rischi
E alle fatiche salda, il crin fregiata*

*Del meritato allor fa di sè pompa.
Primo fra tutti per onor, per grado
Il padre de' guerrier, dell'Anglia il fiore
Stassi CORNWALLIS, di lucenti rai
Le tempie inghirlandato in sì bel giorno.*

*Diva in tuo giusto oprar sempre costante,
A lor che ne son degni i tuoi dispensa
Favor là 've con placido paterno
Fren GIORGIO regge un popol grato e in fermo
Nodo di fe congiunto; ove con senno
In fresca età robusto e con tranquilla
Dignità PITT al comun voto è norma;
Ove al pubblico ben devote e prodi
Schiere del Re, delle natie contrade
E delle leggi son difesa e scudo,
E gloriose navi, a cui rispetto
Tiene il suddito mar, di preminenza
Il giusto vanto su l'equoreo regno
Serbando van. Tu all'Isola diletta,
Alma Vittoria, ognor serena arridi,
E su lei spandi a piena mano allori.*

7



